

KRS-One Lyrics

"Build Ya Skillz"

[Verse 1: KRS-One]

Check, I control your mind with one rhyme I speak
And get you open like a prostitutes buttcheeks
Rapper get kicked in they mouth with cleets
cause they're speech refuses to reach beyond the beach
Have a seat quick I speak or spit flicks on your [?]
Time to complete shit, no weak shit, I mean freak shit properly
I can feel myself becoming a lyric monopoly
Others will copy me but repeat my shit sloppily
Shocking me with inclinations of rocking me
Insanity it got to be
My true identity is never meant to see
I simply use the gifts sent to me mentally

[Busta Rhymes]

Yo! Word up! Get from out my face, before you get bust quickly!

[Verse 2: KRS-One]

Thats the hip hop, the hibby
I rip it in a minute cause I'm gifted
Like December 25th
Now let me flip
I'm all knowing lyrically syllable growing
Even when it's snowing I'm party going
Free flowing and stomping!
Never tip-toeing
Overthrowing the comp
Big up Bronx!
I got more styles than the planet got women
I got as many rhymes as is many styles of women
Don't make me come out on that ass start flippin'
Your mental I'm afflictin'
Actin' ill and sickin'
Pickin' the victim at random, slammin' 'em
Draggin' them to the stage and dismantlin' them
As my Hydrogen turns to Helium I shine!
None of your lyrics I'm feelin' 'em
You rhyme
Like you should be wearin' an apron scrapin' a pot with a name like Mariam

[Chorus:]

But rappers talk too much shit
And can't back it up with lyrics
Build ya skills

It's time for the raw shit
Not that on tour shit
That real hardcore shit
KRS-One runs shit like diarrhea
Bitin' motherfuckers hear my shit and get up outta here!

I don't care this year
A lot of albums is wak this year
"Will KRS bring it?" Ahh yeah!
Thanks for the invite
It's just about to get hype
That straight up raw street type shit is what it feel like
I will be displayin' lyrical styles I'm saying
Lyrical styles from the miracle child
Want a pile of ill styles wildin' on your radio dial?
Smile
I been here for awhile
Peep my style while I go on with the song
I rock the microphone then it to the streets with the Krylon
clicka clacka! clicka clacka!
Take a spraycan and slap a wak rapper!
Stacks of money for videos I don't have it
You're lookin' at the last MC with true talent
Get your tape recorder fast kid
Boombastic another classic
Turn up the cassette!
All my styles are lyrically fantastic and movin'
While soothin' any urges for booing
Ungluing your mouth from my private
The more the merrier
Syllable superior
East Coast - West Coast battles are inferior
Cause I by myself will take out the whole North America
We need to expand rap beyond this land
Set up competitions with England and Japan
World cups for rappers that really fuck shit for fun
....Yeah I know I'll get one

[Chorus]

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